

# Democratic Enquirer.

Democratic at all Times and under all Circumstances.

VOLUME 1.

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## Democratic Enquirer

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### WATCH & CLOCK MAKER.

Three Doors East of the Hubert House,  
McArthur, Ohio.  
REPAIRING done to order. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS correctly repaired.  
Spectacles fitted to suit all eyes.  
January 21, 1867-ly

### VINTON COUNTY BANK.

(INCORPORATED.)  
McArthur, Ohio.

### STOCKHOLDERS:

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JOS. J. McQUINN, President.  
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HAVING formed a co-partnership for the purpose of conducting a  
GENERAL BANKING AND EXCHANGE BUSINESS,  
and with ample facilities for the transaction of any business pertaining to legitimate banking, we tender our services to the business public generally.  
We BUY AND SELL EXCHANGE, COIN AND BONDS. Money loaned at reasonable rates on real estate paper. Revenue stamps always on hand and for sale. Interest paid on time deposits.  
Persons wishing to remit money to Foreign Countries can obtain drafts at our Office.  
February 7, 1867-3m

### J. A. MONAHAN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
HARDEN, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO.  
THANKFUL for the liberal patronage received for the two past years, he would say to those desiring his professional services, that he may always be found at his Office or residence, on Main Street, unless absent on professional business.  
February 28, 1867-ly

CHAS. BROWN, Pres't. DAN. WILL, Cash.

### WILL, BROWN & CO.,

BANKERS,  
One Door West Dan. Will & Bro's Store, North Side Main Street,  
McARTHUR, OHIO.

### DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS:

Deal in Exchange, Government Securities, Stocks, Bonds, Gold and Silver, &c.  
Deposits received. Interest paid on time deposits.  
Collections made at all accessible points in the United States.  
United States Revenue Stamps for sale.  
All business done on the most liberal terms and with the utmost promptness.  
February 23, 1867-ly

### JOHN C. STEVENSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
JACKSON C. H., OHIO.

WILL practice in the Courts of Jackson, Vinton and other counties.  
January 24, 1867-ly

### DANIEL S. DANA,

Attorney at Law,  
McARTHUR, OHIO.

WILL practice in the Courts of Vinton, Athens, and Jackson Counties; also, in the United States Courts of the Southern District of Ohio.  
Office—Second Story of Davis' Building, on Main Street.  
January 24, 1867-ly

### CITY HOTEL,

Corner Basin and Third Streets,  
HAMILTON, OHIO.

B. P. CHURCHILL, Proprietor.

SITUATED in the business part of the City, and nearest to the Ball Road Depot.  
Omnibuses run to and from every train.  
January 21, 1867-ly

H. C. MOORE,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
ALLENSVILLE, OHIO.

AFTER an absence of two years, offers his professional services to the citizens of Alleensville and surrounding country.  
March 21, 1867-ly

### McARTHUR ENQUIRER

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

MALONE'S BUILDING,

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McArthur, Ohio.

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### Political.

#### Congratulatory Address of the Democratic Executive Committee.

DEMOCRATIC COM'EE. EX'TIVE ROOMS,  
COLUMBUS, April 11, 1867.

DEMOCRATS OF OHIO:—We congratulate you upon the cheering political indications. Our party, as it were, has passed through a long, dark political night—so long and so dark that many have despaired of the dawning of day; but at last the night is passing away, and a ray of light breaks through the thick darkness eastward. In New Hampshire the Republican majority has fallen off—Connecticut unfurls the Constitution and records a decisive majority for the Democracy—giving to the democratic candidates on the State ticket a majority of about one thousand, electing three out of the four candidates for Congress, and causing the Legislature to stand: Senate, 11 Republicans and 10 Democrats; House, 127 Republicans and 117 Democrats. At the spring election in 1862, preceding the fall election wherein the Democracy carried Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Illinois, New Jersey and Delaware, Connecticut gave the Republican candidate for Governor a majority of nine thousand. The Senate was a unit against the Democrats and the House stood: Republicans 171; Democrats 66; being a Republican majority of only 11 on joint ballot now. By reference and comparison, we find the spring elections this year in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana and particularly in Ohio, are as much of an improvement on the spring elections in these States in 1862, as was the election in Connecticut on the 1st instant an improvement on the result in that State in 1862, in the fall of which year the Democratic party triumphed so grandly.

We herein recognize cause for congratulation, and an incentive that should spur Democrats everywhere to the most energetic effort. If our information is not faulty, continuously for fourteen years did the Democracy of Connecticut encounter defeat at the polls; but, not daunted, believing in the righteousness of their cause, they fought on and they now find their reward in a triumphant victory. They had to encounter desperate antagonism—intellect, money and intemperance appeals to passion and prejudice. They have overcome all! What the Democracy of Connecticut did the Democracy of other States can do through the same dauntless and persistent effort. You, the Democrats of Ohio, can do it. You have not suffered exclusion from power in the State for the last fourteen years, as did the Democracy of Connecticut. You carried the State in 1862 by a majority ranging from five to over seven thousand, although at the preceding State election you were defeated by a majority of 55,203—your aggregate vote in the State being only 157,794, whereas the Republican aggregate vote in the State was 206,997. The very next year your vote for Secretary of State was 184,332—an increase of 32,538 on the preceding year, whereas the Republican vote for Secretary of State was 178,741—a falling off of 23,256 as compared with the vote of the preceding year. The Republican majority in this State last fall on Secretary of State was 42,696—12,507 less than it was against you in 1861, and yet you carried the State at the ensuing election triumphantly. We cite these votes to encourage and stimulate you to an active co-operation with us in the effort to carry the State. Even did not the result of the election in Connecticut and at the municipal elections elsewhere, bid us hope for success in the reward of energetic work, the revolutionary conduct of the Radicals in Congress, and especially the efforts of the leaders of the Republican party here in Ohio to drag the white man down to a political, and thence to a social, equality with the Negro, should cause some repugnance as to arouse the pride of race in every White man to re-

sent so impudent an insult by voicing up on the Republican leaders and their candidates overwhelming condemnation.—We therefore, beseech you, one and all, so to direct your labors as to bring about this result. It will require work—hard, unceasing work, from now until the election. Could a vote be taken to-morrow upon the question of Negro Suffrage, without an appeal pro and con, that question would undoubtedly be overwhelmingly defeated. The advocates of that measure, and they include all the leaders and organs of the Republican party—intend to bring into requisition every conceivable agency to secure its adoption. To be defeated it must be fought with the same ceaseless energy and stubbornness. Every man who is opposed to the establishment of an equality of the White and Black races in this State, and to the disfranchisement of those soldiers who did faithful service throughout the actual continuance of the war; but who returned home before receiving an official discharge, must now be enlisted. To this end, organize clubs in every township in the State, disseminate Democratic journals as extensively as possible, as well as such publications as treat scientifically and impartially upon the two races.

Again we would congratulate you upon the cheering indications for Democratic success in the fall, and urge upon you the importance of immediately instituting such measures as will insure it beyond a peradventure.

JOHN G. THOMPSON, CL'N.

E. B. ESHELMAN, Sec'y.

[From the Logan County Gazette.]

#### To the Victims of Black Republican Sway.

Work! Work! Work!  
With pick, and shovel and ax!  
To pay New England's protection,  
Your own, and the bondholder's tax!

Work! Work! Work!  
There are millions of niggers to feed,  
And the cost is hitched on with the bondholder's claim  
And the sum of New England's greed!

Tug! Tug! Sweat!  
Still harder each day than before,  
It will grow to keep niggers and bondholder's up.

And the wolf away from your door!

Work! Work! Work!  
From dawn till the dark of day,  
For your hopes are crushed with a weight of debt.

That the toil of your life won't pay!

You gave your son to the war!  
The rich man loaned his gold!  
And the rich man's son is happy to-day,  
And yours is under the mould!

You did not think, poor man—  
You can scarce believe when you're told,  
That the sum which the rich man loaned for the war,  
Was the price for which you were sold!

Your son was good as his!  
And as dear, perhaps, to you,  
But yours died for his and your daughter's new,  
For his must wash and sew!

Nay, do not pause to tinker,  
Or to sigh for your children or wife,  
For your moments are mortgaged to hopeless toil,

The rest of your weary life!

### Miscellaneous.

A DARING attempt at highway robbery was made in Bellevue on Saturday evening last, says the Fremont Messenger.—Mr. Leiter, the proprietor of the extensive tannery at that place, was on his way to his residence from the business part of the town. Before he arrived at his house he heard some person on the sidewalk behind him walking very rapidly. Just as the person came up to him he stepped to one side, and as he did so, the villain struck with a bludgeon, the blow falling upon the back of the head and neck of Mr. Leiter. Mr. Leiter, although somewhat stunned, did not fall, and immediately confronted his assailant, who, seeing he had failed took to his heels. When he struck the club flew out of his hands and was captured by Mr. Leiter. It is the opinion of Mr. Leiter that had he not stopped just as he did, the blow would have fallen him to the ground.—Every honest man should go armed and prepared to receive such villains.

### "I LOVE YOU."

Who do you suppose said it?  
No she was very beautiful, with her cheeks of rosy hue, and the curling auburn tresses that the wind sports gallantly; but she did not say it. Not that bright creature, by whose side stands a lover, looking so tenderly in those glorious eyes; nor yet the dimpled babe, with her face lifted to the more mature but not less innocent sweet features, with the holy light of mother glorifying every smile.

Then who did you suppose said it?  
Wrong again. Not that newly wedded husband, whose home for a few fleeting months he has aptly called heaven—full of smiles and tenderness, and oft-repeated vows flitted like birds of paradise in rainbow plumage—where a pretty white-robed being, with girlish, manly air, glides about the neat kitchen, making with her own hands the snowy bread. Where, when the odious shop is closed, he can come home with bounding heart, and, sitting with her hands in his, rove with a pair of brown eyes over his Daisy, every little while stooping to snatch a kiss from the red lips so close to his cheek. Although he whispers many times of love, yet this "I love you" has not been spoken then and there.

A tired woman sits hushing to sleep her nestling babe. Beauty once made that face radiant, perhaps, but all that beauty is gone now. The blue eye is dim and faded—the whole expression is sorrowful—the pale brow covered with pale lines of care. Perhaps, with that far-off look of hers, she sees three little graves, green with many summers. Her home is very humble—all day she has toiled, and the fainting spirit almost surrenders to fatigue, the downward eyes trembling in tears—she is so weary.—And every nerve tingles when the boys come hungry from school, some with weeping and tales of sorrow that mothers must hear. And after they are hushed with kisses or chiding, it is time to get supper for seven hungry mouths, and then the accustomed, never ending routine of putting away and clearing up, till the worn out creature wonders with a sigh if there really will ever come a rest to her—an eternal rest.

At last her weary limbs in the old corner rocking chair. The babe, whose eyes close fitfully to a low lullaby, lies in his father's lap. He is a plain man, that father, with an honest face and great heart, that would, if he could take in all the care and sorrow of the household.

The babe sleeps. With a rude gentleness he lays it on its mother's bosom, and as the ruddy fire-light plays over her care worn features, he looks upon her eyes suddenly grown lustrous and beautiful. He lifts his great hand softly till it rests on her shoulder, as he says:

"I love you, dear Mary."

How the poor heart leaps into love, light and rest! How vanish the cares that trod upon her very soul! She no more remembers the toilsome washing; she reflects not that the pretty babe, with its pink, flushed cheek against her breast has worn her patience threadbare with its constant tears and unrest. She forgets that the broth was burned, that the child's teeth broke, that the line broke, and that every limb in her frame ached.

What were those in comparison with the steadfast love that had burned for eighteen years in the sunlight of happiness, through the clouds of despair, when beauty made her winning, and when the charm of loveliness was gone, and the freshness of her youth departed forever. What cared she for aught outside her home, though she had many sorrows, while such words thrilled her whole being?

"I love you, dear Mary?"

Ah! if you long married husbands, who exact every attention as a duty, how much would it cost you to make your home thus beautiful with all its cares? I tell you one word of love will loosen great burdens from the shoulders of the toiling woman you call wife. Try it. Go home some night, and look upon her with eyes of long ago. For one little moment think how great trials she took into her heart when she married you.—Then tenderly clasp her hand, as she looks with wonder-opened eyes, say to her in a low and steady voice, not carelessly or sportively, but earnestly—

"I love you."

Trust me, it will be to her, and to you both, "better than diamonds."—[Evening Post.

LEMON PIE.—Two cups of boiling water, two tablespoons of corn starch, two lemons, two eggs, a small piece of butter or a little salt, two cup sugar, two apples. Make a good crust for this mixture.

MANY a woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one finds she can do nothing with him.

### The Suggestiveness of Nature.

We know not the author of the following, but it is very beautiful:

Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their own history. The plant and pebble go attended by their own shadow. The rock leaves its scratches on the mountain side, the river its bed in the soil, the animal leaves bones in the stratum, the fern and the leaf their modest epitaph in the soil. The falling drop makes its epitaph in the sand or stone; not a footstep in the snow or along the ground, but prints its characters more or less lasting, a map of its march; every act of man inscribes itself on the memories of its fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sound, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.

A new mode of computing interest on any number of dollars at six per cent, appears very simple. Multiply any given number by the number of days of interest desired, separate the right hand figure, and divide by six; the result is the true interest of such sum for such number of days, at six per cent.—This rule is simple and so true according to all business usages, that every banker, broker, merchant or clerk should post it up for reference and use. There being no such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake. By no other mathematical process can the desired information be obtained with so few figures.

WELDING IRON BY HYDRAULIC PRESSURE.—If iron is welded by the hammer, the internal portions are imperfectly acted on by the blow, and more or less unsoundness at the center is the necessary rule. This imperfection is found to be removed by the use of the hydraulic press. When the portions to be joined are, at a white heat, placed between the piston and top of the press; they are easily kneaded together, as it were; and as soon as the joint is brought down to the proper thickness the operation is stopped. Joints made in this way are found to be perfectly sound throughout.

### Life in the Western Gold Regions.

A LETTER from Helena City, Montana, gives the following account of life in that vicinity:

The writer says he has had it pretty rough since leaving the eastern States, but he has managed to get hold of some good mining ground, and thinks he shall "make a raise." He expresses himself well satisfied with the country, says it is better than he expected to find it, and thinks it a good country for young men for the next ten years. He says the country is yet in its infancy, but that Helena, which is less than two years old, now contains eight thousand inhabitants. It is a fast place, peopled with almost every kind of people—Indians, Americans, Dutchmen, Irishmen, French, English, Mexicans, Spanish, negroes, and John Chinaman, or, as the miners call him, "the Washoe man."

These different kinds of people are engaged in every conceivable kind of business. Women are very scarce and dear. There was fine sleighing when the letter was written. The price, in the height of the season, \$10 per hour for horse and sleigh. They turn out gay rigs there—sleighs costing from \$250 to \$500 and horses to match. Board is from \$12 to \$20 per week; single meals one dollar; pies, 50c. each; wages, \$5 to \$8 per day. It takes \$125 in greenbacks to buy \$1 "dust." The retail market is quoted as follows: Potatoes 4c. to 5c. per pound; onions, 25c.; cabbage, 20c.; turnips, 5c. to 10c.; sugar, 40c. 50c.; hams, 45c. to 50c.; beefsteak, 15c. to 20c. (cheap as Whelling.) In the wholesale market, flour is quoted from \$14 down to \$8, according to brands—St. Louis being dear, and Salt Lake cheapest. Eggs are from \$1.25 to \$1.75 per dozen—the first for Salt Lake or "Mormon" eggs, and the latter for "Ranch." Butter is from 75c. to \$1.25; brick, \$30 per M.; lumber from 6c. to 7c. per foot, and sand corn meal \$12.50 per sack of 100 lb.

People pay dear for their little luxuries in Montana, such as lager beer (or slop) and strychnine whisky, 25 cents a glass. But cigars are played out here; the pipe is the only solace.

The wife of a man living out west having recently died, the usual preparations were made, and when, at last, the afflicted husband, who was standing sorrowfully by, suddenly exclaimed: "Slap 'er down, Mr. Undertaker, like as not she's just actin' the possum to see if I keet!"

### A Horse's Petition to his Driver.

"Going up hill, whip me not; coming down hill, hurry me not; on level road, spare me not; loose in stable, forget me not; of hay and corn rob me not; of clean water stint me not; with sponge and brush, neglect me not; of soft, dry bed, deprive me not; tired or hot, wash me not; if sick or cold, chill me not; with bit and reins, oh! jerk me not; and when you are angry, strike me not."

If people planting orchards or shade-trees would give strict orders to mark the north side of trees with red chalk before they are taken up, and when set out to have the tree put in the ground with its north side to the north, in its natural position, a larger proportion would live. Ignoring this law of nature is the cause of so many transplanted trees dying. If the north side is exposed to the south, the heat of the sun is too great for that side of the tree to bear, and, therefore, it dries up and decays.

### POPULATION OF THE SOUTH.—The following table shows the white and colored population of the excluded Southern States according to the census of 1860:

	Whites.	Blacks.
Alabama	529,431	437,970
Arkansas	234,191	111,250
Florida	77,748	62,597
Georgia	591,588	465,698
Louisiana	557,629	385,073
Mississippi	453,901	437,404
North Carolina	631,160	301,523
South Carolina	291,338	412,310
Texas	421,294	182,921
Virginia	996,711	420,865
Total	4,271,981	3,227,039

TEMPTATION.—An Irishman once entered a book store to purchase a lead pencil, and amused himself by looking over the numerous books that filled the counter.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to a large gilt-edged book.

"That book contains Milton's Paradise Lost; do you wish to buy it?" answered the polite clerk.

"No, baddad, I don't; if Milton has lost his pair of dice, why don't you give them back to him? and not be a temptin' innocent boy like meeself to buy lost property. Pone me soul, I'll report ye to the police."

### A NEW CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.

A discovery made by a French physician has been put into practice in the orphan asylums. The invention is a liquid called gazool, which is said to produce remarkable results in whooping cough. A teaspoonful of it is placed in an open vial, which is put into a water-bath always kept at the same temperature. Children suffering from the whooping-cough are taken into the room, and are cured by inhaling the emanations from the gazool as it mixes with the air of the room. It evaporates very rapidly.

### OUR SPICE BOX.

"BIRDY, spell cat, rat, hat, hat with only one letter for each word."

"It can't be d'd."

"What! you just ready to report verbatim phonetically, and can't do that. Just look here: c s o cat, r s o rat, h s o hat, b s o bat."

An exchange speaking of the magic strains of a hand organ, says:

"When he played 'Old Dog Tray,' we noticed eleven pups sitting on their haunches in front of the machine, brushing the tears from their eyes with their fore paws."

At a recent term of the Circuit Court in Wayne county, Indiana, thirty-five bills of divorce were granted. Those who haven't tried it, however, continue to marry. The Goshen [Ind.] Democrat announces the marriage in that place of Mr. Henry Bottomfeldt and Miss Mary J. Knofflock. Bottomfeldt and Miss Mary J. Knofflock. They must be happy!—Henry has secured his Knofflock, and Mary has got her Bottomfeldt.

"Well, mother, the foundations of the great deep are broken up at last."

"What do you mean, Tommy?"

"My trousers have got a hole in them—that's all."

### POETS.

Sir, I admit your general rule,

That every poet is a fool;

But you yourself may serve to show it,

That every fool is not a poet.

—Pope.

There is a man in Illinois so big that he fishes with a railroad "line," and smokes with a stove-pipe.

Two sisters named Berry were married last week, at Rockland, Maine—one to a Mr. Black, and the other to a Mr. Snow. "Black-berry" and "Snow-berry."